



The week closed up with three matinees and three night performances yesterday. The matinee of "Sappho" was unfortunately poorly attended; at the two other places there was a jam, the light meritment of "Ours" and the rollicking hilarity of "Maze" seeming to be specially fitted to matinee tastes. Both the low priced houses have fared well financially, and both continue to puzzle people who thought they knew all about the abilities of Salt Lake to stand such a drain on its purse.

It is a great pity that "Pygmalion and Galatea" was not chosen to open the little series of performances given for the benefit of the Utah Press association. The rendition last evening was far and away better than that of "Sappho". Indeed, it was in many respects, strikingly clever. Miss Edredge was better than in anything she has yet given in Salt Lake and Mr. Sheridan showed that he is an actor of taste and experience; he is one of the theatrical company which started out with "The Silver Lining" and stranded here before they reached a production, their play going to the Grand. The supporting people also showed to better advantage than in "Sappho", the principal part being done by Mr. Don, Mr. Taylor, professional and by Miss Ethel Ferguson, Miss Blinnie Paul and Miss Pearl Crow, by clever amateurs. The audience was better than on the previous occasions and it is probable that the results of the three performances will just about meet the expenses. It is very regrettable that they will do no more.

The dramatic editor learns with surprise and regret that The Herald's report of the last performance of "Sappho" has been misconstrued by several gentlemen of the Utah Press association, who think there was an insinuation that the financial success being so poor, Mr. Burton would be "out" his expenses. Nothing could have been further from the intention of The Herald than any such idea. We well knew that Mr. Burton and others stood behind the enterprise, and no one will doubt that their names are good for many times the amount of the expenses involved. The remark simply meant that the receipts were below the expenses and that "that said" Mr. Burton and the management. We have the highest regard for the Press association and its management, and to the best of our ability labored all we could to make the enterprise a success, well knowing, however, that it could not succeed from a financial standpoint. We still say that the Press association deserves better of the public and that it is a shame that certain members should have to bear the burden of last summer's entertainment of the editors. The only mistake was in expecting that the theatrical performance arranged, could make up the lost amount.

The visit of Frederick Ward, who opens his engagement tomorrow night is specially interesting from several points of view at this time here, and we understand for the first time in his life, the great character of King Lear, which has not been seen in Salt Lake since the lamented Sheridan tried it years ago; next, he has decided to put on "Virginius" despite the fact that it was done here so recently by his late partner, Mr. James; next he carries all the scenery for each of his four productions, that last, but not least, he will adhere to the dollar and a half rates charged by him when he and James were here together; this shows that he has confidence in the strength of his company and his repertoire this



Mr. Ward as "Rinaldo" in "The Lion's Mouth."

season, both of which are said to be exceptionally strong; we are frank to say that under present conditions, they must be so to satisfy the public with the increase in rates. Ward has always been very strong in Salt Lake, and he is specially remembered for his excellent work in "The Mountebank" and "The Lion's Mouth," which he presents Monday and Tuesday evenings.

In Life Insurance—  
Peter Amos Dunn  
In love with himself—  
Cornelius Griffin  
In the clouds—  
Jefferson Tompkins  
In Corey's hands—  
Phineas Jennings  
In retirement—  
Parker G. Slick  
In the flesh—  
King of Thieves—  
Helen Griffin  
In authority—  
Madge Carr-Cook  
In the clouds—  
Catherine Jerome  
In love with Corey—  
Helen Henry  
Beatrice Slick  
In the way—  
Madeline Milford (the new nurse)  
In service—  
Mary (Factor Maid)—  
Belle Mullikin  
This is the cast of Niobe, the com-

edy to be done at the Grand this week. The story reads as though it might be convulsingly funny, and with Edison as the life insurance man (a part which he created) with Miss Warren as the tearful statue brought down to date, and with Miss Cowie in one of her prize shrewish parts, the cast ought to be an excellent one. The new sourette, Miss Henry, will make her first appearance.

The story on which "Niobe" is founded is as follows: A statue of Niobe belonging to an art enthusiast, Tompkins, and which he believes to be the veritable petrification of the one time wife of Amphion and queen of Thebes, is insured by him in a company of which the president is one Peter Amos Dunn, who for better safe keeping removes the marble goddess to his home. Electric lights have just been put in the house and the wires crossing the feet of the statue, the current brings Niobe to life, much to the astonishment of Peter Amos. His family are at the theatre and he is at a loss to explain the presence of this beautiful creature on their return. But he remembers that a goddess who has sent her trunk in advance is expected in a day or two, and he hits upon the idea of dressing up Niobe as the goddess and sending her on to the theatre. Here the complications begin. Niobe, who is all tears, breaks down and weeps on the breast of Peter Amos, whom she mistakes for the goddess. The goddess, provoked and the discovery of her in this attitude awakens the jealousy of his wife, who is egged on by her tart elder sister Helen Griffin, who is much in the humor to be drawn from the contrast of the manners and customs of 3000 years ago to the present time. Every effort of Peter Amos to get himself out of the original petrification puts him deeper in the mire, but after a series of complications he tells the truth at last. The artist enthusiast is glad to take back the living Niobe in place of the statue.

Ada Dwyer Russell surprised her friends in Salt Lake by dropping down on them from New York on Thursday morning, and then surprised them again by setting out for the metropolis Friday evening. The reason for her lightning changes of locality are that she had not been in New York a week before she received three good offers to join prominent companies and then by a way came from Ned Boyle, who wanted her for his new comedy, "One Plus One Equals Three." With hundreds of professional walking the streets, Mrs. Russell rightly says that she is more than fortunate. The best of the three offers came from the redoubtable Little, the millionaire proprietor of "Old Kentucky" and "The War of Wealth," who wanted Mrs. Russell to create the part of a Spanish woman in a new play based on the "Carmen" trouble, called "The Last Stroke," which will be first played in St. Paul on the 23d. The offer made by Little was so particularly tempting, and times are so especially hard, that Mrs. Russell, after conferring with her husband, made up her mind to accept; but a veto was interposed from an unexpected quarter. Little Lorne, who was a veritable phenomenon in Salt Lake, refused to be left in New York; not a nurse could be found in the whole metropolis whom she would allow within a rod of her. As rehearsals wait for no man, woman or child either, Mrs. Russell made up her mind after two weeks' despairing efforts—during which Lorne deploded several fashionable flats—that the only course was to bring her back to her grandparents and her contralto aunts, and to entrust her to their hands for the winter. The child who never entered the front door of the Salt Lake home then she commenced the Little Eva act, and has been simply angelic ever since. So she remains here while her mother goes here and away and back to New York. The scene of the parting it may be imagined was not a pleasant one to look upon. Mrs. Russell says "Hair" asks to be remembered to all Salt Lake friends, and that he is immensely suited in his role in the great production of "Sans Gene."

It had been the intention of the Lyceum people to put on "My Partner" for the coming week, but when they found the owners (Barter Campbell's estate) wanted a royalty of a hundred dollars, the management decided on doing "The Fringe of Society." Instead. The cast will be as follows: Oliver Ormonde—Edmund Hayes Captain John Harley—Wallace Munro Cavendish Conway—M. P. Emily Lytton Violet Dardward—Ethel Ferguson Natalie (a servant)—Nellie Drury

Rumor has it that Wallace Munro, who has been doing juveniles and has just two weeks' notice and that his place will be filled by DeWitt Jennings, who has found new favor with the management since his good work in "The Matrimonial Maze."

Following is the programme for the concert to be given at the post amusement hall by the Sixteenth Infantry band at 8:30 p. m. today:

"Star Spangled Banner."  
Overture, "Mädchen An Der Spule."  
Serenade, "La Belle Espagnola."  
Medley, "Memories of the Ball."  
March, "The Little Dutch Girl."  
Hail Columbia.

Paderewski's manager writes Mr. Calder that he wants to come to Salt Lake one night earlier, hence his appearance in the tabernacle with the choir will be on March 4. Sousa's dates are unchanged, March 6 evening and the afternoon of the 7th, school children's day. Paderewski's prices will be \$2, \$1.50 and \$1 and his advance sale will begin at Calder's Music palace a week ahead of the concert. Sousa's price will be \$1 and 75 cents for the evening and 50 cents and 25 cents for the matinee. His sale will also be opened in advance and will be held at Coaster & Snelgrove's.

By the way, Salt Lake will be familiar ground to one member of Paderewski's suite; his secretary and confidential agent, Hugo Gorlitz, has been here in other and much less happy days. Fifteen or sixteen years ago he landed here from Australia with his wife, Amy Sherwin, then a young and struggling singer, ambitious to get to London. Their path was strewn with misfortunes, and they were helped out of town by the old Philharmonic, which revived the sensation of that day, "Pinafore," under

the direction of Mr. Careless for their benefit. Miss Sherwin sang the part of Josephine, she finished her London, and after a hard struggle, won success, and is now on the top round. Mr. Gorlitz, who it must be said, did not have his wife's faculty for making friends, has never been heard of in Salt Lake since, until now that he comes up smiling as the man closest to the artist who makes more money than any performer the world has ever produced.

John Drew seems to have made the success of his starring career in "The Squire of Dames," and Maude Adams, as usual, comes in for a good share of the praise accorded the production. The World critic attended the closing rehearsal of the play, the night before its production, and discourses in this chatty fashion about the Salt Lake girl's work.

In all of Mr. Drew's plays, until "The Squire of Dames" was reached, Miss Maude Adams shared the stage with the star, and the long scenes that long as they were seemed all too short to the actor's admirers in the orchestra chairs and boxes. They made love to each other in their scenes, and the one was as sweet and loving a sweetheart as the other was a high-bred but ardent lover. In the new play Miss Adams is married and Mr. Drew makes love to somebody else; to a smart and straightforward little American girl, impersonated by Miss Agnes Miller, who takes advantage of her leap year opportunity and proposes marriage to the tutelary saint in claret, hammer and patent-leathers, who, up to that moment, had been preventing the rest of the fair sex from making fools of themselves. But Mr. Drew still takes great interest in Miss Adams, and bends his polished energies to prevent her falling in love with another fellow—which Miss Adams is willful enough to want to do, although it is a most impudent thing, since her undivided husband is still wandering around in this mundane sphere. So Miss Adams occupies the stage a great deal with Mr. Drew and has her usual important and lengthy role.

This exquisite young actress—the youngest leading lady on the American stage—is invariably very nervous on a great night, and her nervousness is even at a dress rehearsal. She requires considerable time for dressing, in the doing of which she has the assistance of a maid, but when she gets into one of her gorgeous costumes, she is not at all shy of the role of Mrs. Denham and flits out of her dressing-room between two tremendous balloons, which she gives her costume the appearance of a cloud. She is not at all serene in soul as her outward appearance would indicate. In a moment you will see her pacing up and down the stage under the entrance of the curtain, and she will go on, and the hand carried frequently to the forehead and the finger pressed to the lips, while her eyes rest on the floor, tell plainly of the nervous strain that this fragile young woman is laboring under. But, hello! There is her cue, and the next moment she runs upon the stage and is engaged in a lively scene with her fairy godfather, the dashing Mr. Kilroy, impersonated by Mr. Drew, and nobody would ever think that this was the same trembling, doubling creature that he saw a moment before behind the scenes.

The sixty-third anniversary of J. H. Stoddard's professional debut was celebrated Thursday evening at the Academy of Music in New York where this sterling veteran has been acting the part of Joe Ayler in "The Sport of the Duchess" since last August. At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. Stoddard held a reception which was largely attended by his numerous friends in the profession. Incidentally, the actor, who has been in the profession for so many years, presented him with a loving cup. On one side of the cup a relief figure of Mr. Stoddard's head has been engraved, and on the other side is the inscription: "This week's Mirror has a very pleasant sketch of the 'grand old man' of the stage, with an admirable portrait."

In an interesting talk about Lawrence Barrett, to the Mirror, Stuart Robson says: "When Barrett died the New York Tribune sent a representative to my house at Cohasset to get my reminiscences of him. Not long afterwards I was asked to write 'Players.' After shaking hands with me very cordially, Mr. Booth said: 'I want to talk to you about Barrett. In giving your reminiscences of him in the Tribune, you have done him a great deal of good. He has been a great actor. Why do you think so?' My reply was: 'Any man who can play three parts better than anybody else is a great actor. Barrett played five parts better than anybody else—Cassius, The Man of Alric, Gringoire in 'The King of France,' York, and the Lanciotto in 'Francesca da Rimini.' What do you think?' Mr. Booth's answer was: 'I think he was unmistakably a great actor.' He then told me of an incident that I do not think has ever been published. Mr. Booth had no idea what a sick man Mr. Barrett was until the night before he took to his bed. When he arrived at the theatre Booth told him to wait, but Barrett declared that he'd pull through all right. Booth thereupon declared that night he wouldn't, as John A. Lane could take Barrett's place. When Booth entered his sick room the next day Barrett motioned to him not to come near the bed, pointing to his mouth to indicate that he might have some contagious disease, and he wanted Booth to run the risk of catching it. The tears welled up in the eyes of Mr. Booth while he was telling this incident. In fact, he told me that Barrett's death so much to heart that I'm sure it shortened his own life."

LONDON Feb. 1. Business at the leading theatres during the past week fell off somewhat, in consequence of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the novelty of the week was at the Duke of York's theatre. The play turned out to be a dire failure.

Forbes Robinson has abandoned the idea of a revival of "Othello" at the Lyceum for a version of Coppée's "Pour la Couronne."

Nellis Warren gives up the management of the Opera Comique on Saturday.

Stage Whispers.

Duse sailed for America on Wednesday last.

James O'Neill is heading this way again with "Monte Cristo."

Miss Pollock leaves the Lyceum to join Fanny Rice's company at Colorado Springs.

Jessie Bartlett Davis is suing a western publishing house which put her portrait on the title page of a sensational novel.

Clive's orchestra made its first public appearance at the Z. C. M. I. ball Friday night and scored a very pleasant impression.

Mr. Rogers will henceforth reserve the first four rows of his gallery for madmen at the same price as that charged downstairs.

The 150 members of the California chorus, the recent prize winners, have been invited to attend the Lyceum Tuesday evening in a body.

The Harmony Glee club goes to Farmington one night this week to give a concert. Officers of the club are advised that a treat awaits them.

The striking photographic presentations of Miss Eldredge and her people are the work of the Johnson Co. This firm is also at work on the photographs of the tabernacle choir for the California tour.

Frank Maltese is heart broken that "My Partner" had to be abandoned.

He would have been cast for Charles Farnes's famous old character of the fisher. Let them not feel the bitterness of poverty as a reward for many years of service. To me who have learned to look upon life in a philosophical way this will be but another experience to add to the long list that a struggle with life entails. If I could prevail upon the men and women of today to think upon this labor question, I could "approach my grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The perennial "Robin Hood" is the first opera in which the Bostonians will be seen when they begin their annual New York engagement, on February 10, at the Broadway theatre.

## A SPINSTER'S REVERIE

[Written for The Herald.]

The bells were tolling softly and solemnly, calling on all good people to partake of spiritual food. But feeling that I would rather stay at home and meditate, I settled myself in a comfortable chair by the window. Looking out on the prospect before me I beheld, first, green velvet lawns separated merely by hedgerows, some moss-strewn, some solitary, others clothed in tiny baubles, and having the appearance of being touched by the reviving breath of spring. The street was quiet, and there was nothing to distract one's attention except the disturbance caused by the whirling of the electric cars. This noise, however, faded away, and I was left with my thoughts became fixed upon the inward life, and the outer world was entirely forgotten.

Yes, the year 1886 has arrived marking my thirtieth birthday. Childhood's days are so dim and distant that they form but a shadowy dream in my horizon, and what do these years have in store for me? Toil and toil is the motto of the day. The path leading to my field of labor looks the same year in and year out. Every day I struggle to the schoolhouse, and the youths and maidens the problems contained in books, and as near as I can those contained in real life. They hide their eyes, disappear, and reappear with the same set of ideas, possibly with a few variations, are imparted to other youthful aspirants. They enter the schoolroom with hearts throbbing in anticipation of the great deeds of life, and perform. They grow up, mingle with the world, and find that life consists of a fixed routine. Striving to obtain money to pay for food, wearing apparel, and a shelter over their heads. When this duty has been performed to a noisy sleep plunges them into the great sea of oblivion, but even during this time confused images of life sometimes the seeming perpetration of deeds that when awake would strike terror to the bravest heart, torment their weary brains.

Yes, the years roll on. Once in a while I don some pretty gown and smile, though my place with the pleasure seekers. I have a new dress every time my boarding place is changed, but the years go on and on without stopping, and my heart is it getting old? O, no, it is still clinging to the ideal prince who is to come along and change these dull scenes by his love as if my magic wand. I hold the sentiment that everyone in this world will some day meet his or her ideal, and when these two persons shall be joined together by the ties of the purest affection they will be as happy as the birds carolling in the treetops.

The years roll on, winter goes and summer comes; the leaves become crimson, and the snow and gold; the white snow enfolds the earth with its ermine mantle; but where, O where is my prince? The boys and girls I taught are grown to man's and woman's estate, and still I cling to my ideal; still I travel east or west, as the case may be. When the earth is glad and the sun's rays pour upon its bosom in bright streams, I roam from place to place, and find my ideal. I find that the aching void caused by my loneliness will disappear. My friends marry, die and new faces confront me, but yet I wait patiently for my ideal.

Looking in the glass I behold with surprise that my raven locks are white as snow. I have been north and south, east and west; my mind has accumulated all sorts of knowledge, but my heart is beating, beating ever and ever with a less hopeful throb than of yore. Younger hearts receive the love and homage which I crave; and the years roll on and on.

Money has not flown so plentifully into my coffers. Little could I save from my salary, and my savings, according to my condition, dressing myself so that the children's and my own eyes, too, would be satisfied with my neatness, and spending an appropriate amount on lectures and in other ways to improve my mind that my services might be acceptable to school boards.

Suddenly a ruder jar comes upon me. I hear the awful dirge, "Your age," and tremblingly reply, "Sixty." I have all the wisdom of sixty years of experience upon my venerable face. Forty years have I toiled for the public, and all the fruits of these years I lay at your feet. Alas, alas! is the sad refrain. "Woman, as much as we honor your meritorious conduct, our duty to our country and the innocent children we represent demands that we employ a younger and stronger woman to take your place. You should rest now." "But my purse is empty; my friends are dead; where shall I rest?" "O, that is a sad thing—well, of course, it is difficult to tell—brightening up. Why didn't you marry when you were young?" In the first place I was too busy earning my living to attend to social duties; in the second place, when I was a young woman girls waited till they were asked to bestow their hearts and hands, and for aught I know it may be so now, and in the third place, I have been waiting for my ideal, the king of men, who was to transform this world into a paradise for me, but he came not.

I heard the refrain, "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," and I, who had once been a useful member of society, was to end my days by eating of the bread of charity. I hear the young woman of the day say the poor are improvident. "Why didn't Miss K. save enough out of her salary to keep her from being a dependent upon the public?" My answer to this is simply that from my slender pittance I helped support an aged father and also to educate a younger sister. It was necessary for me to spend some money for clothes, and also for appliances to keep abreast of my profession, and possibly take summer journeys in its interest. "Could I save being thus situated?" I asked the only working woman who has come to such an end. Neither are the working men in better condition to provide for old age. The great army of laborers are not able to keep the wolf from the door. The future must take care of itself in the great majority of cases. I cannot help but think the thinking public must will be some of this class of people when age advances so as to render them useless. Employers do not care to engage old men, even if they are able to work, as they prefer men of vitality and youth to help in their enterprises. Old horses are sometimes shot so as to get them out of the way, but old people linger on and if ambition and pride have not left them how miserable is their experience. I appeal to the public, which is composed of kindly men and women men and women of genius, to try and solve this problem. The philanthropist of our age have striven to raise their voices against injustice of every kind. They have said an important duty to still the claim of suffering humanity is as great now as it was when our great and glorious galaxy of men and women worked to do away with slavery. If we will but confront the evils which are degrading us, we will make our names immortal.

I am an old woman and am willing to leave my place in the busy world to be filled by younger women. I am willing to submit to ending my days

in the poor house, but I beseech you, treat the old after me in another fashion. Let them not feel the bitterness of poverty as a reward for many years of service. To me who have learned to look upon life in a philosophical way this will be but another experience to add to the long list that a struggle with life entails. If I could prevail upon the men and women of today to think upon this labor question, I could "approach my grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

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Engagement of the Eminent Actor

FREDERICK

WARDE

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A Romantic Drama by D'Emery.

TUESDAY—THE LION'S MOUTH

Carlotta's Picturesque Venetian Love Story.

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Mr. Ward's Masterpiece.

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Shakespeare's Tragedy. First Appearance of Mr. Ward in the Title Role.

NOTE.—The entire scenery for each play is carried by the Ward company, and the productions are superb in every respect.

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